

Life In The Country

I perceive the cow's slightly
Changed expression. I am reminded
To tell you that your eyelid
Quivers when you whisper
In my ear, and that when you whisper
In my ear the cow seems embarrassed,
Averts her head
And stops chewing.

— Michael Silverton

Two Poems For Walt Whitman

I

The lights
of these lonesome Wisconsin farm houses —
the snow has melted, and the only star
in the dark afternoon sky
comes closer to the sweet,
empty corn-fields.

II

Oh Walt Whitman has died
and all the butterflies
of his great white beard
weep with their sad wings
on the boughs of my lilac-tree!

Three Poems, After Dafydd ap Iedwrd -- A Fifteenth Century Welsh Poet

I. A Yellow-haired Girl

How the bees have worked
to ripen the seeds of sunlight
in this girl of Maelwar.
Now there is the brightest saffron of the figwort.
The cherries of heaven! The stars of night!

II. Harp Music

The thumb and forefinger share their meditation
The chord is three
fingers, a lean and delicate treble.